

policy of the house

karl, my friend, caught the crabs.
such a scrappy bunch, he admired,
then grew accustomed to their ways.
he enjoys a nip himself;
they seemed to thrive on Kwell shampoo.

however, this new relationship
appeared potentially bad for business.
a bar owner, he shakes many hands.
during one prolongish clasp,
he spied one cosmopolitan little devil
do a Fosberry Flop, from forearm to forearm.

karl's first thought: miniature rat guards.
then he found the perfect cure,
strapped a flea collar on each wrist.
business is back to normal.

The Rough Beast Slouches
Toward Bethlehem

I keep having the same dream.

I'm in Morry of Naples, my
favorite liquor emporium, and
no matter where I look -- on
bottles of wine, beer, vodka, gin,
bourbon, scotch, blends; on half
gallons, quarts, pints, and splits,
the same label. Caution:
The surgeon general has determined
that drinking is fatal to your health.

The cheese counter is padlocked.
You need a note from Blue Cross
to buy a case of beer.
Above the carbonated beverage locker
hangs a poster where a dentist brand-
ishes a Seven-Up, points to other brews:
"This and these will gum you up."
Clerks are working out their residence,
stethoscopes about their necks.
A heart specialist sits on call.